

ICKING VALLEY COURIER

VOLUME 2, NO. 36

West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, Thursday, February 15, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 88

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Homan, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r. County Court: On Second Monday in each Month. Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month. Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October. I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month. Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month. Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month. Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month. Fifth District—Frank Kennaird, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month. Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month. Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month. Eighth District—Franklin Walker, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson. Attorney—J. P. Haney. Sheriff—H. B. Brown. Treasurer—W. M. Gardner. Clerk—J. H. Sebastian. Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker. Sheriff—H. C. Combs.

County Clerk—T. N. Barker. Auditor—W. C. Caudill. Clerk—Jno M. Perry.

County Board of Education: Morgan county, holds a meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

HANLEY, Attorney, Legal Practice; in Court House, West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER, Lawyer, West Liberty, Ky.

Office in Commercial Bank Building

COTTE & HOVERMALE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, EST. LIBERTY, KY.

S. Monroe Nickell, ELL & CISCO, LAWYERS, LIBERTY, KY.

IN COURT HOUSE

ANTED! A Goodly share of your trade.

M. HANEY, (Big Red) presenting

D. ADES

Keeton's Furnishings, West Liberty, Ky.

LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP'S LAXATIVE MONEY AND TAR

Wheat Harvest All Over the World

There is no month in the year when the hum of the harvesting machine, or the sound of the sharpened sickle, cutting wheat, is not heard in some parts of the round globe. It wakes the echoes of the new-year month at the same time in Australia of the Eastern hemisphere and in Argentina of the Western. In February and March it is heard in Upper Egypt and in India, continuing through April in Lower Egypt, Persia and Asia Minor and Mexico. May sees the beginning of the wheat harvest for our country in California and Texas, and its completion in Central Asia and in Japan. In June, it goes on throughout our Southern states and in the south countries of Europe, from Turkey to Portugal; in July in many of our Northern states, from New England to Nebraska; and from the Balkan States through Southern Russia, in the Old World; while in August it is harvest season in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Canada, and "over the water" from the south of Great Britain eastward through Belgium, Germany and Central Russia. In September, the grain is cut in Scotland, Sweden and the plains of the north of Russia, after which the sickle goes to the South again, and is busied in the November in Peru and in South Africa, and in December in Burnham and New South Wales.

Women's Commandments.

Chicago women consider that the issuance of special commandments for women by the Rev. W. B. Millard, of Morgan Park, and Rev. Albert Hyde, of Boston, Mass., may be taken to indicate that the gentlemen of the cloth believe woman to be in special need of admonition from the ministerial study. Here are the commandments recommended by Chicago women for the "cloth."

Thou shalt give the same laws for the poor as for the rich. Let not fine raiment deceive thee. Thou shalt not condemn the woman and forgive the man, for the Lord my God shall judge thee.

Thou shalt abandon sophistry and preach truth, for the ways of the devil are devious. Thou shalt not interpret the word of God but thou shalt administer it that all may know and respect the law.

Thou shalt condemn the sins of the mighty and condone those of the humble. Thou shalt not be bound by temples, but thou shalt go out into ways and preach among the people.

Thou shalt abandon euphemism in pulpit and tell God's message in the language of his Son.

Thou shalt under no circumstances compromise with the devil. —Masonic Home Journal.

Almost Lost His Life.

S. A. Stid. of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a merciless storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused sever pains in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the Discovery, I did so and two bottles completely cured me." Use only quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat or lung trouble. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

A Bargain in Timber.

100 acres of fine timber, virgin forest. On floating water, near railroad. This is the best proposition on the market. It'll not be on our hands long at the price we offer it. Want it?

COTTE & HOVERMALE.

Keeton has the most complete line of groceries in town.

Planting in the Moon

Do you plant everything in the moon? If you do, why do you? Do you really think the moon has anything to do with the outcome of your crop? Of course it does not. If you will only experiment in an unprejudiced way and watch other folks and their experience you will soon become convinced. You will first find out that all do not use the same sign. You wonder how these other folks got their idea for planting in the opposite sign from you. They wonder how you got your sign, and so do I.

Let me tell you candidly, from the standpoint of reason there is nothing to any of it. These moon folks are always ready to believe any sign, but never are willing to give any credence to any discovery of science. The latter is based upon facts, but the moon signs are no more reasonable than the ancient myths and fables. Do you know how these signs get started? It is in this way. In every neighborhood there is a man or a woman that is a bigger gossip than anybody else, is more important and at the same time has less solid brain matter than anybody else in the neighborhood, and persons whose ideal can't reach high get all their whims and signs from these gossips. Not always even notions. Sometimes these things which you are taught to believe to be true are simply told by some such persons in the hopes of attaining notoriety for himself. Whims, signs and superstition are detrimental to progress, and the more of them you follow less prosperous you will be.

Southern Agriculturist.

He Won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom More of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad

sore on my instep and nothing more to help till I used Bucklin's Arnica Salve," he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, burns, boils, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it Only 25 cents at all druggists.

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An Appreciation.

For several weeks the LICKING VALLEY COURIER has been making regular visits to our home and we are indebted to some friend of former days for this much appreciated kindness. "Tho' now far removed from that loved habitation," there is nothing that affords us more pleasure than to receive news each week of those, whom during our two years sojourn in their midst, by their many kindnesses made us their lasting friends. It is one of the greatest pleasures of life, as we seek to do our Master's will and go where o'er He sends us, to know that we are not forgotten by those among whom we have labored. May this pleasure that is ours be to the giver as "Bread cast upon the waters."

Miss R. B. Wilson.

California, Ky.

Go to Keeton's for fresh oysters.

PERSONALS

Frank Ward, of Pekin, was in town Monday.

D. M. Murphy, of Ezel, was in town Monday.

Jas. H. Day is at Winchester on business.

Pascal Kilgore, of Caney, was in town Monday.

Polk Okley, of Blaze, was here the first of the week.

S. R. Lykins, of Caney, was in town on business Monday.

O. P. Carter, of Bonny, was here the first of the week.

A. O. Peyton, of Cannel City, was here the first of the week.

Kelly Murphy, of Ezel, transacted business in town Monday.

B. J. Elam, of Salterville, attended Quarterly Court Tuesday.

W. T. Walter, of Cannel City, attended County Court Monday.

Joe Haney, of Cannel City, was in town the first of the week.

Dr. S. R. Collier made a business trip to Frankfort this week.

Robert Sturdivant is in Brethitt County on business this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Cottle of Elamton, the 13th inst. a girl.

Coroner W. T. Sargent, of Blair's Mill, attended County Court Monday.

J. T. and R. Caudill, of Cannel City, were in the City Tuesday.

Stanley Dennis, of Ezel, visited his uncle Dr. Nickell this week.

Dr. G. C. Nickell, of Ezel, was a pleasant caller at the Courier office one day last week.

Deputy Sheriff T. J. Perry, of Blaze, transacted business in town Monday.

Jno. M. Lykins, of Grassy Creek, attended County Court Monday.

Ben Murphy, of Maytown, transacted business in town the first of the week.

Dillard Murphy, of Ezel, was in town Friday and while here visited the Courier office.

Joe M. Kendall has returned from an extended visit in Winchester and Mt. Sterling.

Sam J. Salyer, of Cynthierville, Mo., visited relatives and friends in West Liberty recently.

Miss Nancy Phipps and Miss Myrtle Rose were pleasant callers at the Courier office Tuesday.

G. W. Stacy, of Grassy Creek, was in town Monday and while here renewed his subscription to the Courier.

Sam J. Caudill, son of R. E. Caudill, Cannel City, is at home from West Point Military academy on a vacation.

Tony Wells, Pieratt Jenkins, Volnie Cottle and Hurst Dyer, assisted us materially in running off the paper this week.

L. P. Haney, of Nickell, was here the first of the week and renewed his subscription to the best paper in Morgan County.

W. W. Hubbard, of Indianapolis, Ind., is here looking after his timber interests and also in the interests of the railroad up Elk Fork.

Forest Franklin, Esq., Frank Kennaird, of Logville, attended County Court Monday and while in town called in to see how the Courier clan was getting along.

The Elocution Department of the West Liberty High school

will give a Washington Birthday entertainment on Friday evening February 22 under the direction of Mrs. W. D. Archibald, the popular and efficient teacher of that department. An admission fee, 10 cents will be charged for the benefit of the school. The public is cordially invited to attend this splendid entertainment.

Misses Flora and Mary, John W. and Allie Y., children of L. T. Hovermale, arrived Tuesday from Frenchburg, and with their father have commenced house-keeping.

Ellie Ward, who has just closed a successful school at Malone, came in and had his paper changed from Malone to Ezel, his home office.

One of the most desirable homes in Morgan County will sell cheap on easy terms.

House and lot on Glenn Avenue; large lot, nice new cottage with 3 rooms and hall, plumbed for gas, insurance paid for three years, good well, good garden. Also small two room cottage in rear. Barn lot contains 1/4 acres and is separated from residence lot by an alley.

A bargain on easy terms of payment.

COTTE & HOVERMALE, West Liberty, Ky.

Two Real Estate Bargains.

We have for sale what is known as the "Uncle Billy Elam" farm on Spaws creek, one mile east of West Liberty. The farm contains 120 acres, 90 acres of which is well timbered. Good dwelling, good barn and all necessary outbuildings, good well and young orchard. 15 acres of bottom land.

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Burned to death

Analiza Griffitts, about 45 years old and unmarried, was burned so severely on Tuesday the 6th inst. that she died the following morning. Her clothing caught from a shaving with which she had lighted her pipe and thrown on the floor. She made her home with the family of her brother-in-law Jas. C. Baily, on the head of White Oak. Mr. Baily, in his efforts to extinguish the flames, was badly burned about the hands and arms.

Commercial Club Meeting.

The Commercial Club met last Monday night in the County Court room.

Desirous of giving an impetus to the movement toward scientific farming in Morgan county, the Club decided to take up the matter of prizes for the Boy's Corn and Potato Club. Committee was appointed, consisting of T. N. Barker, M. T. Womack and Everett Mathis, to raise funds for this purpose.

It being felt that the freight rates charged by the railroads carrying freight to West Liberty are excessive, it was decided to take the matter up with the railroads and attempt to secure an equitable rate. I. C. Ferguson, C. W. Womack and L. T. Hovermale were appointed as a committee to confer with the roads.

The program committee was directed to prepare a banquet for the members in the near future, the date of which will probably be fixed at next meeting.

The good that the Commercial Club is capable of is becoming apparent to all, and interest in its work is growing. Already many things that have been considered unattainable are now taking the attitude of the probable. An era of development is at hand and the Commercial Club is awake to our interests. We have commenced to shake off the habits of a village and will soon be writing it the "City of West Liberty."

Births.

February the ninth to Jno. McKenzie, Jr., and wife, of Goodsey, a girl.

Feb. fourth to Creed Smallwood and wife, of near West Liberty, a girl.

Feb. tenth to Jess Earl and wife, of Lenox, a girl.

Farm for Sale.

My farm of 30 acres, two miles from Mt. Sterling. Has on it good dwelling. Well watered and fenced.

MRS. P. B. TURNER, R. F. D. 1, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Bullock With Two Hearts.

There was killed recently at Deptford, London, a bullock of phenomenal development. The animal, which was aged 12 months, was found to have two hearts, one being of normal size and the other somewhat smaller. Such a freak has never been known before in the annals of the market.

Thought He Covered the Ground.

A man who was dunned by a book seller for a book delivered some time before returned the bill with this written on it: "I never ordered this book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."

Deaths.

Jan. 31—Isaac Ellington, of Goodsey, of senile debility, aged 90 years.

Feb. 8.—Geo. M

Police Courage

Story of Certain Persons Who
Lived and Died
BY
RUS TOWNSEND
BRADY.
"The Ring and the Man"
and "Regeneration,"
and "The
Wind Spills Fly Upward."
by Ellsworth Young

1901, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

—24th National, a frank-
spelled young Philadelphia
of the Colorado mountains
Robert Hartland, James
Allard's protege, falls in

II.—He persistent wooing,
but she hesitates, and
goes east on business with-
out answer.

III.—Hears the story
engineer, Newbold, whose
a cliff and was so seriously
she being eaten up by wolves
for help?

IV.—Kirby, the old guide
the story, gives Enid a package
which he says were found on
a woman's body. She reads the
and at Kirby's request keeps

V.—While Enid is bathing
in a fanned solitude, a big
goes into the water to attack the
she rings out and the ants
killed by a strange man.

was chilled to the bone by her
less sojourn, albeit it had been
only more than a minute in
water, and yet the blood
to her brow and face, to every
part of her in waves as she
it. It was a good thing
she cried; she was not a weep-
woman, her tears came slowly as
and then came hard. She rath-
erized herself upon her stoicism,
in this instance the great depths
her nature had been undermined
the fountains thereof were fail-
break forth.

long she lay there, warmth-
ing gradually to her under the
rays of the sun, she did not know,
it was a strange thing that
her to arise. It grew suddenly
over her head. She looked up
a ring of frightful black, dense
clouds had suddenly blotted out the
sun. The clouds were lined with gold
and silver, and the long rays shot
from behind, the somber blind over
the yet uncovered portions of the
heaven, but the clouds moved with
the irresistible swiftness and stead-
iness of a great deluge. The wall of
them lowered above her head while
they extended steadily and rapidly
across the sky toward the other side
of the canon and the mountain wall.

A storm was brewing such as she
had never seen, such as she had no
experience to enable her to realize its
signs. Nay, it was now
at hand. She had no clew, however,
of what was toward, how terrible
she overheard her, frightened
conscious of all the menace of
her, her thoughts flew down the
to the camp. She must hasten
it. She looked for her watch
she had left from the grass
which she had not yet put on,
grizzly had stepped upon it, it
irretrievably ruined. She judged
her last glimpse of the sun that
must now be early afternoon. She
to her feet and staggered with
weakness; she had eaten nothing
morning, and the nervous shock
struck through which she had
one had reduced her to a pitiable
condition.

Intercourse with his fellow men was
confined to this yearly visit to a set-
tlement, and even that was of the
briefest nature, confined always to the
business in hand. Even when busy
in the town he pitched a small tent in
the open on the outskirts and dwelt
apart. No men there in those days
prided into the business of other men

of the heavens and struck the moun-
tains where she could actually see
them. There were not words to de-
scribe the tremendous crashings
which seemed to splinter the hills, to
be succeeded by brief periods of si-
lence, to be followed by louder and
more terrific detonations.

In one of those appalling alterna-
tions from sound to silence she heard
a human cry—an answering cry to
her own. It came from the hills be-
hind her. It must proceed, she
thought, from the man. She could
not meet that man, although she
craved human companionship as never
before, she did not want him. She could
not bear it. Better the wrath of God,
the fury of the tempest.

Heedless of the sharp note of warn-
ing, of appeal, in the voice on it was
drowned by another roll of thunder,
she plunged on in the darkness. The
canon narrowed here; she made her
way down the ledges, leaping rock-
lessly from rock to rock, slipping,
falling, grazing now one side, now
the other, hurling herself forward with
white face and bruised body and torn
hands and throbbing heart that would
fail burst its bonds. There was once
an ancient legend, a human creature,
menaced by all the forces, pitilessly
pursued by every malevolent spirit of
earth and air; like him this sweet
young girl, innocent, lovely, erstwhile
happy, fled before the storm.

Then the heavens burst, and the
fountains of the great deeps were
broken open and with absolute lit-
erality the floods descended. The
bursting clouds, torn asunder by the
lightning within their black and turpid
breasts, deliriously themselves. The
water came down, as it did of old
when God washed the face of the
world, in a flood. The narrow of the
canon was filled ten, twenty, thirty
feet in a moment by the cloud burst.
The black water rolled and foamed,
surging like the rapids at Niagara.

The body of the girl, utterly unpre-
pared, was caught up in a moment and
flung like a bolt from a catapult down
the soothed sea filled with the trunks
of the trees and the debris of the
mountains, tossing about humanly in
the wild confusion. She struck out
strongly swimming more because of
the instinct of life than for any other
reason. A helpless atom in the boil-
ing flood, growing every minute greater,
and greater as the angry skies dis-
gorge themselves of their pent-up
torrents upon her devoted head.

CHAPTER VI.

Death, Life and the Resurrection.
The man was coming back from one
of his rare visits to the settlements.
Ahead of him he drove a train of
burros who, well broken to their work,
followed with docility the wise old
leader in the advance. The burros
were laden with supplies for the
approaching winter. The season was
late, the mountains would soon be im-
passable on account of the snows. In
fact he chose the late season always
for his buying in order that he might
not be followed, and it was his habit
to buy in different places at different
times that his repeated and expected
presence at one spot might not arouse
suspicion.

In his visits to the settlements he
asked no questions, he bought no pe-
pers, he manifested no interest in
the world; some things in him had
died in one fell moment, and there
had been, as yet, no resurrection. Yet
life, hope, and ambition do not die,
they are indeed stern. Resurgens!
Life with its tremendous activities,
its awful anxieties, its wearisome stra-
ges, its rare triumphs, its opportunities
for achievement, for service; hope
with its illuminations, its encourage-
ments, its expectations, ambitions
with its stimulus, its force, its power;
and greatest of all, love, itself alone—
all three were latent in him. In touch
with a woman these had gone. Some-
thing as powerful and as human must
bring them back.

It was against nature that a man
dowered as he should so live to him-
self alone. Some voice should cry in
his soul in its cements of futile ra-
mose, vain explanations and benumbing
recollection; some day he should
burst these grave clothes self-wound
about him and be once more a man
and a master among men, rather than
the hermit and the recluse of the soli-
tude.

He did not allow these thoughts to
come into his life; indeed, it is quite
likely that he scarcely realized them
all yet; such possibilities did not
present themselves to him. Perhaps
the man was a little mad that morn-
ing, maybe he trembled on the verge
of a break—upward, downward, I
know not so it be away—unconscious-
ly as he strode along the range that
morning.

He had been walking for some
hours, and as he grew thirsty it oc-
curred to him to descend to the level
of the brook which he heard below him
and of which he sometimes caught
a flashing glimpse through the trees.

He scrambled down the rocks and
found himself in a thicket grove of
pines. Making his way slowly and with
great difficulty through the tangle of
fallen timber which lay in every direc-
tion, the sound of a human voice
the last thing on earth to be expected
in that wilderness, smote upon the
dull hollow of his ear.

Any voice or any word then end
there would have surprised him, but
there was a note of awful terror in
this voice, a sound of frightened ex-
pectation. The desperado in the cry left
no moment for thought, the de-
predator was for action. The cry was
not addressed to him, apparently, but
to God, yet it was he who answered
sent doubtless by that Over-looking
Power who works in such mysterious
ways His wonders to perform!

He leaped over the intervening
trees to the edge of the forest where
the rapid waters ran. To the right
of him rose a huge rock, or cliff, in
front of him the canon bent sharply
to the north, and beneath him a few
rocks away a speck of white gleamed
above the water of a deep and still
pool that he knew.

There was a woman there!

He had time for but the swiftest
glance; he had surmised that the voice
was not that of a man's voice instant-
ly he heard it, and now he was sure.

She stood white breast deep in the water
staring ahead of her. The next

second he saw what had alarmed her
—a Grizzly Bear, the largest, fiercest,
most forbidding specimen he had ever
seen. There were a few of those mon-
sters still left in the range; he him-
self had killed several.

The woman had not seen him. He
was a silent man by long habit, ac-
customed to saying nothing, he said
nothing now. But instantly springing
from the hip with a wondrous skill

and a perfect mastery of the weapon,
and indeed in a short range for
so huge a target, he jumped bullet
after bullet from his Winchester into
the evil monarch of the mountains.

The first shot did for him, but making
assurance double and treble sure,

and a perfect mastery of the weapon,
and indeed in a short range for
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